Always Treat Robots With Respect

Sally Finneran
Gleaming steel curving left
reflecting white freezing sun.
Dry grasses caress a fading Coke can
as the train rumbles past
reflecting white freezing sun.
Decaying buildings beg for love
as the train rumbles past
moving too fast to notice
decaying buildings begging for love
remember the days of people
moving too fast to notice
the impending doom.

Remember the days of people?
Planning and plotting
the impending doom
of their far off kin, inadvertently
planning and plotting
each time they tried to better
their far off kin, inadvertently
stripping them of cultural distinction

each time they tried to better
themselves. Someone was killed,
stripped of cultural distinction
while the enemy applauded
themselves. Someone was killed, and the golden arches multiplied. While the enemy applauded their change to the world

as the golden arches multiplied tubby little boys, staring at screens, their change to the world. Paler than white faces that can only read pixels,

tubby little boys, staring at screens engineer robot servants to bring them their Coke. Paler than white faces that can only read pixels sell to armies for technological aids,

engineered robot servants to bring them their Coke. Computerized minds being trained for war sold to armies for technological aids wield more deadly weapons than bad ideas

computerized minds trained for war outmatch human warriors wielding more deadly weapons than bad ideas. Victorious battlefields painted red

outmatch human warriors. Each person lying dead on victorious battlefields painted red neglected as robot servants moved on.

Each person lying dead on dry grasses that caress a fading Coke can neglected as robot servants move on gleaming steel curving left.